

**ember**

'Her body is the shape of my hands'  
Paul Eluard

contamination poem:

my body is poisoned  
by the presence of you

the presence of you in my veins

the cells in my body  
have been told what to do

to rid me of your remains

there is a vaccine,  
there are simple cures

but culture's unstable  
the outcome not sure

my body's polluted  
by the memory of us

and the symptoms  
are showing through

in how many ways  
can I hurt you

how can I hurt  
how fast and how much

how can I find  
the most hurtful spot

on this tender skin  
that I've touched

what is the safest  
most painful approach

what is the worst  
what pains you the most

how much can I hurt you  
and just how badly

and how many times  
will you suffer gladly

?

we were once  
heavenly bodies  
locked in embrace

we were  
a stellar combination

spinning silently through space

we are beautiful now  
oh, but then we were great

pushed out from our trajectory  
formed/deformed by gravity

your galaxy-arms stretch out for me

silent screams  
as we expand and grow apart

maybe the heart is like a fist

you only have to tighten it

maybe the heart is just a knot

of all the things it never got

I have stolen from you  
every weapon of defense  
I have taken every word  
that could have made some sense  
for what you would not give  
I stole from you  
I have taken  
what little you had left  
of virtue, dignity and pride  
of these you are bereft  
for what you would not give I took  
I am a thief, a crook

you didn't know  
you were swimming with sharks  
did you?

you had no idea even  
that this was out to sea  
many miles from shore

you did not see  
fins closing in

with the afternoon light fading

you had no clue they were sharks  
- did you?

their silent glide  
masking the seriousness  
of their purpose

full of faith  
in the nobility of your own

you never thought that  
keeping my limp body afloat  
would put you in harms way

but I am leaking

and their sense of smell  
is legend

The worst part  
is the memories  
we will never share

the things  
we'll never see

the worst of it  
is the wait  
for that which cannot be

imagine now  
a darkened room  
where you undress;  
your olive skin caressed

by soft pearl light

the full-length mirror on the wall  
speaks only of itself tonight

the golden green  
that fills me here  
- the long slow northern dusk  
is really nothing but a dream

A glass of white-wine sparkles  
on an ancient wall of stone in Eboli;  
a TV series once affecting me  
can raise its voice, through all these years,  
and call

it speaks of how things could have been  
and recognition kills me

and just like the Nazarene,  
praying for the life he would not lead  
I want to settle here

for this is my Gethsemane

and you are asking me  
to pick up my cross

Gethsemane comes from Gat Shemen meaning olive

even you  
you careless bitch

even you  
you heartless witch

even you  
you worthless piece of shit

even you are full of it

sub-particle entanglement theory

I am half of us

and in the moments  
where we don't exist

I am reminded  
of the saddest fact:

that once entangled

there is never  
any going back

once connected

we are always  
and forever one

notwithstanding

things we haven't done

only you and I know very little

everybody else here  
seem to know a lot

they seem to have it all sown up

in such control  
where we just wait for things to break

for things to break apart or fall

but all that matters  
is a belly-laugh

so how come we're the ones in stiches  
and they have all forgot?

crush-dresser

I like to dress up in the clothes I wore  
when last we met

it makes it possible to believe  
and harder to forget

I like to dress up in the clothes I wore  
when we met last

that way I can believe that things are not  
so irrevocably lost there in the past

I sometimes scrutinize myself  
within these clothes

and imagine somehow you must know

that you're observing me  
from somewhere on the other side

and though the mirror is a cold surface  
to rub up against

memory makes my mouth  
kiss itself with conviction

honesty;

muted sentry

heavily tipped custodian

of tattered integrity

brute bouncer at this blastproof bunker

of self-respect

empathy;

expendable stool-pigeon

sacrificial lamb

in the war against compromise

pathetic symbolist shaman

of an imagined responsibility

in a saltwater sea

what use is a tear

in the eye of a fish

with all hope crushed now

between you and me

what good is

making a wish

run with me

not just  
through the forest  
but in the air

run with me here

on this sofa  
on this bed

inside your head

run with me

not just as exercise  
but in your mind

not just like two  
of three blind mice

( but maybe these three mice weren't quite so blind  
....but somehow mice of the seeing kind)

run with me

even when there's  
nowhere we can go

let's run

to the untrained eye

these words  
mean only what they say

and that is all they mean

to the uninitiated

yesterday is made up mostly  
of the remnants of today

to the unprepared

there is no sense in anything  
and no connections anywhere

but to the keener ear,  
the sharper wit  
the faster, better, brighter mind  
(and yeah, this is a trained response)

these are the roadsigns  
leading back to where we were

where we were once

you saw my deep sea eyes  
turn and wash away

the hook not  
far enough into  
flesh

to withstand  
the vigour of my  
thrashing

or maybe the line  
just snapped

maybe I swim  
down inside my own dark  
with a hook in my jaw

the story doesn't say

your south sea skin  
for my icicle bones

your warm wind hair  
on my cold draught tongue

your white hot lap  
on my sub-zero face

your big brown eyes  
for my thawing gaze

and for the long hours we're awake  
a brief nod of sleep

a moment of clear anticipation  
for every drugged pleasure

a second of sobering pain  
for the everlasting orgasm we fake

a handful of coal for the furnace  
a moment gone  
a waste

a pocketful of change  
for a lifetime in chaste

your immaculate life  
is stained

your perfect plan  
has been changed

you are right  
it is hardly fair

your hard work  
wasted

all your efforts  
in vain

your world crumbled

your pink balloon  
deflated

you are learning  
about the cost  
of keeping clean

I know it is not  
how you have come  
to know me

but I will be  
quietly insisting

we have the matches  
will it burn?

will the flames engulf and perform  
their magic?

will the fires eat away  
as we laugh in the face of our  
private Inquisition

mad mad laughter as if only  
to confirm their suspicion

their convent of conspiracy  
is one of water made from air  
and blood stuck to hair

the cobblestones of history have ears  
and scorched land lies everywhere

we have the matches  
will it burn?

your eyes were green

and I'd pay  
anything to see  
what they have seen

your sea green eyes  
were brown

and I've been looking ever since  
in every face on every street  
in every town

your big brown eyes  
were blue

which makes it that much harder  
to go on  
to finally let go of you

within their gaze  
a saving grace  
for they have made me realize;

there's nothing  
that can match your rainbow smile

except perhaps

your pale blue  
brown &  
greenish

yellow eyes